

Miscellaneous.

English and American Women.

Mr. D. W. Bartlett, writing for the *New Englander* upon "England and the English," says:

The English ladies and the American form a more striking contrast than the gentlemen. Of our city women, how many are there in refined circles that could walk a couple of miles in the open air without excessive fatigue? How many white, bly-pale faces do we have! how many poor, trembling frames! how many young creatures reclining in easy carriages, with not enough of nervous energy to enable them to act with decent courage upon any occasion that requires that quality! In England, one is astonished to see the almost perfect health of the women and children. The former are of splendid frames, with full busts, rich and rosy cheeks, excellent muscular power, and strong qualities of mind. Some whimpering fools affect to call them "sows," just as if health were not refined and illness were delicate! Natural beauty is the only species of beauty which a true lover of refinement can admire. The miserable, neglected creature who from want of air and rest and proper food, is snow-white and thin and airy in her physical structure, is no more beautiful than a magnetized corpse. It is false refinement that makes it indelicate to appear in a full flow of health. It would be just as proper to stamp with vulgarly all God's beautiful strains and mountains and Nymphs, and call beautiful in their stead some oil-paintings of our own contrivance and invention!

The English women are healthy in body and, of course, in mind. Sickly sentimentalism, and a "rose-water philanthropy" which expends itself over French romances and artificial flowers, has no lot nor portion in their characters. They are women. And their children are worthy of them, for they are red-checked, of stout muscle and unflinching spirit, of fine health and appetite. The reason of all this, is, that the English women exercise more in the open air than our women do. An English lady of refinement thinks nothing of walking a half-dozen miles, nothing of riding on horse-back for twenty, nothing of leaping on the back of a trusty animal, hedges and ditches in pursuit of game! I remember of once being at William and Mary Howitt's when some one proposed that we should make a little family visit to Epping Forest, distant some four or five miles. The thought never entered into my head that they proposed going on foot, and as we crossed the threshold of the door, I was expecting the next moment to help the two ladies who were of our party into the carriage. But I saw no carriage, and when I asked where was the carriage, I got for a reply, "We are going on foot—of course!" And so we walked all the way there, and rambled all the way long over the beautiful forest, and at night walked back to "The Elms," and I kept looking at the ladies while we were returning, expecting to see them faint away; and finally, when we all sat down on some green sward for a moment, I ventured very quietly to ask one of them, "Are you not very tired?" I got for a reply a merry, ringing laugh, and a "To be sure not! I could walk a half-dozen miles farther yet!" When I got home I was so fatigued as to be unable to stand without great pain and trouble, and was obliged to acknowledge that the English ladies were my superiors in physical powers of endurance. I saw at once the secret of their glorious health, their buoyancy and full flow of spirits. It was their habit of exercise outdoors.

I was once conversing with an English lady, who was nearly eighty years old, the mother of a distinguished writer, upon this capital habit of walking which the ladies of England have, when she broke forth with, "When I was a young woman, and in the country, I used to walk ten miles to church on a Sunday morning and back again after service!" Another cause of the brilliant health of English women is their natural love for horticulture. An English lady is at home in her garden among the flowers, and I know of no more beautiful sight in the world than that of a fair, open-browed, rosy-cheeked woman among a garden full of choice plants and gorgeous flowers. Talk of your merry creatures in drawing-rooms "by the light of a chandelier"—to the *marines!* Here in beauty you fresh from God's hand and Nature's!—here are human flowers and those of Nature blooming together!

The Sphere of Woman.

The minds of truthful, earnest individuals have for some time been more and more attracted to the consideration of the Position of WOMAN in our Social and Political state, her Rights, Opportunities and Needs. That there is a grievous wrong somewhere in a system which accords to nine-tenths of the weaker sex scarcely one-third the remuneration for their labor that is conceded to the rougher half of our Race—which bids her work for her livelihood, yet shuts up against her opportunities to be employed and rewarded which are freely open to her kinsmen—which virtually lurches her to Marriage as the only condition of usefulness and honor in mature life, yet strips her thence of her property, whether inherited or earned, to bestow it on him who has professed to be her adorer but whom the Law constitutes her dictator and master—is widely believed by those who have devoted time and thought to the subject. Our garrets stowed with poor, industrious wives and mothers, eagerly stitching twelve to eighteen hours per day for hardly so many cents where-with to keep together soul and body in their orphaned or deserted children—our streets thronged with the helpless, blasted victims of man's perfidy and baseness—our dwellings and boarding-houses, whence young and innocent maidens vainly look forth day after day in search of some honest means of earning a livelihood, to return at night disappointed, despairing, and one day nearer the gulf of infamy and crime into which hard necessity will one day drive them—all these plead warningly, mightily for an unprejudiced and searching consideration of the Sphere of Woman, with a view to her improvement if that be not absolutely impossible. And who shall say it is impossible in advance of such scrutiny?

N. Y. Tribune.

Gossips.—All ignorant men and women are gossips; and those who admit such into the family circle as companions, must expect all their domestic matters to become current small talk, with such alterations and additions as the imaginations of gossips can contrive.—*Mrs. Southey.*

From the Knickerbocker.

The Old Farmer's Elegy.

On a green mossy knoll, by the banks of the brook
That so long and so often has watered his flock,
The old farmer rests in his long and last sleep,
While the waters a low, lulling lullaby keep.
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No more shall awake him to labor again.

The blue-bird sings sweet on the gay maple bough,
Its warbling oft cheered him while holding the plow;
And the robins above him hop light on the meadow;
For he fed them with crumbs when the season was cold;
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No more shall awake him to labor again.

Yon tree that with fragrance is filling the air,
So rich with its blossoms, so thrifty and fair,
By his own hand was planted, and well did he say,
It would live when its planter had moldered away;
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No more shall awake him to labor again.

There's the well that he dug, with its water so cold,
With its wet dripping bucket, so mossy and old,
No more from its depths by the patriarch drawn,
For the "pitcher is broken"—the old man is gone!
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No more shall awake him to labor again.

And the seat where he sat by his own cottage door,
In the still summer eve, when his labors were o'er,
With his eye on the moon, and his pipe in his hand,
Dispensing his truths like a sage of the land;
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No more shall awake him to labor again.

'Twas a gloom giving day when the old farmer died;
The stout-hearted mourned, the affectionate cried;
And the prayers of the just for his rest did ascend,
For they all lost a brother, a man, and a friend;
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No more shall awake him to labor again.

For upright and honest the old farmer was;
His God he revered, he respected the laws;
Though famished he lived, he has gone where his worth
Will outshine, like pure gold, all the dross of this earth;
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No more shall awake him to labor again.

Gill, Mass. J. D. C.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.—Lem. Smith, the cute and philosophical editor of the *Madison Record*, tells the following witty fable, which is as good as anything we have seen out of *Æsop*. A pin and a needle, says this American *Fontaine*, being neighbors in a workbasket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do:

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?" "What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?" "What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?" "I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle. "Yes, but you will not live long." "Why not?" "Because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin. "You are a poor, crooked creature," said the needle. "And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back." "I'll pull your head off, if you insult me again." "I'll put your eye out, if you touch me!" remember your life hangs by a single thread," said the pin. While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and attempting to sew with it, she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle. "Well, here we are," said the needle. "We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses." "A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them. 'Corde hoc habet' they are brothers till they lay down in the dust together, as we do."

IMPORTANT INVENTION.—One of the most important inventions of this century is about to be presented to the public. "Corde hoc habet" has been prepared by Prof. Johnson, of St. Louis, as an indestructible for all purposes of ship building as iron, that is, when used as tiller ropes or shrouds it will resist the action of the fire as long as the wood and iron of the vessel, and thus keep the ship under control while subduing a fire, or allow her to be run ashore if upon the lake or river. The process is as simple as it is complete, and so cheap that the commonest fabrics can be prepared with it, and its use be made universal. Wood for the lining of safes, prepared by this process, possesses a perfect resistance to a fire capable of melting the cast iron, and burning out the wrought metal of the safe enclosing it.

SOCIETY FOR CALIFORNIA.—A French paper, published at Rouen, states that a ship agent, at one of the ports, was under engagement to find passage, during the last month alone, for nine hundred and fifty females of doubtful character, who had been collected from Paris and other towns of France, to be embarked for California. The paragraph adds:—"They are sufficiently young to make it probable that they will return to correct habits, in a new country, and be of use in the formation of an infant colony."

John H. Pearson, the Boston kidnapper, in a letter to the Boston Courier denies the statement of Edmund Quincy that he was cousin to D. H. Pearson, who was hung.—The Anti-Slavery Standard says—"The Friends of the unfortunate man who has already suffered the extreme penalty, will no doubt rejoice that one supposed tainted in his blood is wiped out on such unquestionable authority."

The Peace Congress.

How the world would magnate, were it not for the follies of the hair-brained and enthusiastic! Happily, they now and then make the sides of the grave and wise to shake with wholesome laughter; even though the aforsaid gravity and wisdom quick subside into compassion—profound pity of the stupids. How many laughs has wisdom enjoyed at the cost of speculative folly! There was one Harvey, who avouched a discovery of the circulation of the blood.—And the world laughed, and then rebuked him; and finally—for his outrageous nonsense—punished him by depriving him of his practice.

There was one Jenner, who, having speculated upon the hands of certain dairy-maids, theorized upon a vaccine virus, and declared that in the cow he had found a remedy for small-pox. And the world shouted; and the wags were especially droll—ed; and the growth of cow's horns from the heads of vaccinated babies.

When it was declared that our streets should be illuminated by ignited coal gas—the gas to flow under our feet—the world laughed; and then, checked in its merriment, stoutly maintained that some night London, from end to end, would be blown up. Winsor, the gas man, was only a more tremendous Guy Fawkes.

When the experiment steamboat was first essayed at Blackwall, the steam forsook the vessel, the river ran with laughter. There never was such a waterman's holiday.

When Stephenson was examined by the parliamentary judges upon a railway project by which desperate people were to travel at the rate of, say, fifteen miles an hour, the *Quarterly Review* laughed a sardonic laugh, asking, with killing irony, "Would not men as soon be shot out of a gun, as travel by such means?"

And when, last week, the Peace Congress met at Frankfurt, did not the wise ones laugh at the tinkering pacificators—the simple ones in broad-brim and drab? They met in St. Paul's Church (did they pay twopenny?) and tiger Haynau listened to them, and was not there and then changed to a lamb; neither was a single piece of cannon turned by the eloquence of the talkers, into honey.

The wise world has laughed at the circulation of the blood—at gas—at steamboats—at railways. Why should not the world enjoy its horse-collar grin at the preachers of peace? Why should not arbitration (until an accepted principle) be quite as ridiculous (until triumphant) as vaccination? If Jenner was a quack, why should not the dove—the symbol of peace—be pronounced a most formidable bird?

Meanwhile, and only a few hours after the departure of the Peace Congress from Frankfurt, England and France are tied together by the electric wire, and the lightning carries messages between the nations—the natural enemies! An electric wire from Dover to Cape Grisnez! What a line of comment on the laughers!—Punch.

THE league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor.—He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox, and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the footprint, you cannot draw up the ladder, so, as to leave no inlet or clew. Some damning circumstance always transpires. The laws and substances of nature—water, snow, wind, gravitation—become penalties to the thief.—*Home Journal.*

Lieut. GEORGE ADAMS had a splendid sword presented to him by citizens of Jackson, Miss. The speeches, pro and con, were of the highest sort. "We can't get up a sword of the kind," said the citizens. "We have instead of Swords and such like implements of legal butchery? It certainly would be an improvement. Suppose all our New-York Volunteers had been presented with an ax and hoe each when they returned from Mexico, and shown where to use them to advantage—it would have saved them many a heart-ache and their fellow-citizens many a dollar. What city will set the example of presenting an ax and hoe a piece to its returned warriors?"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CHRIST WITHIN.—Look not abroad for the blessings of Christ. His reign and chief blessings are within you. The human soul is his kingdom. There he gains his victories, there he rears his temples, there he lavishes his treasures. His noblest monument is a mind redeemed from inquiry, brought back to the redemption of the public. "Corde hoc habet" has been prepared by Prof. Johnson, of St. Louis, as an indestructible for all purposes of ship building as iron, that is, when used as tiller ropes or shrouds it will resist the action of the fire as long as the wood and iron of the vessel, and thus keep the ship under control while subduing a fire, or allow her to be run ashore if upon the lake or river. The process is as simple as it is complete, and so cheap that the commonest fabrics can be prepared with it, and its use be made universal. Wood for the lining of safes, prepared by this process, possesses a perfect resistance to a fire capable of melting the cast iron, and burning out the wrought metal of the safe enclosing it.

AN ARMY OF WOMEN.—The King of Dahomey, in Western Africa, has a standing army of 8,000 blacks, half of whom are women. The King takes great pride in his female army, and they are selected with an eye to beauty of proportions, and look, of course, magnificent in their peculiar uniforms.

Marriage alone is forbidden them. In all services requiring hardihood and intrepidity, the Amazons are said to be foremost and most successful. The King takes pains to preserve his popularity with them, and they seem too much enchanted with his service, and the art of war, to have any regrets for the interdiction of regular matrimony.—*Home Journal.*

It is said that the men of Massachusetts, during the last year, spent as much money in chewing tobacco, as the women earned in braiding straw.

It is reported that Elwood Fisher, the Northern editor of the *Southern Press*, left his boarding house in a rage because the ladies who kept it illuminated on the occasion of the passage of the Boundary Bill. They will probably illuminate when *Vindex's* Boarding Bill has passed.—*Springfield Republican.*

From the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The Fugitive Slave.

BY MISS ANNA T. G. PHILLIPS.

Surrender the slave!
No, never, by God!
He stands with the brave
On Freedom's own sod.
His servitude's o'er
By Heaven's decree—
A bondman no more!
Like us, he is free!

Surrender him—why?
That he may go back
With one who'll apply
The lash to his back—
That he may once more
Be fettered with chains,
And welter in gore,
And suffer with pains!

Surrender him? No!
Though myriads oppose,
Through weal and through woe
We'll challenge his foe!
He sounds the alarm!
We answer the call!
We'll shield him from harm,
Whatever befall.

Surrender the slave?
No, never, by God!
He's now with the brave
On Freedom's own sod!
His servitude's o'er.
He lives with the free—
A bondman no more!
A Freeman is he!

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Dr. Rice, of the *Presbyterian of the West*, and Rev. Mr. Hodgeman, of the *St. Louis Presbyterian*, are engaged in a sort of guerilla war over the subject of Capital Punishment—the former in favor, and the latter opposed to it. Dr. Rice expresses astonishment that a Presbyterian minister should join in the outcry against Capital Punishment. To this Mr. H. replies, that if he had known that an expression of his opinion would have wounded his brother, he would probably have refrained from any expression of opinion, on the principle laid down by the Apostle, that we are not to wound the weak consciences of a brother, lest we sin against Christ. He proceeds to say: "We should like to know, if we are not to utter an opinion upon any of the mooted questions of the day, till we have previously ascertained what sentiment is held at Cincinnati. Has the sun of moral light and knowledge, whose position was claimed to be in the East, changed its location and got out as far West as Cincinnati?"

"Though a majority of the Presbyterian Church may be in favor of Capital Punishment, yet we can inform our brother that a respectable minority are opposed to it; and this minority, we have not the slightest doubt, will increase till the universal sentiment of the Church shall be against a practice fit only for an unenlightened age, and for a law dispensation, but never designed for the dispensation of 'Grace and Truth' brought in by Jesus Christ."

VERY FUNNY.—The editor of the *Columbian (Ga.) Times*, whom we take to be of the male gender, appears to be in a very latinate state of excitement about the admission of the State of California into the Union. In an article entitled "The Georgia Convention and the Secession Remedy," he twice earnestly puts the question, "What will the romancers of Georgia do?" And then immediately adds, "We can only answer for one,—ourselves; and every other man must answer on his own solemn responsibility." A more complete Hibernicism we have rarely read, for admitting, as on such testimony we are bound to do, the womanly nature of the writer of the article, we are still puzzled to understand how any "other man" can be a woman of Georgia.—*Com. Ad.*

VILLAGE POETRY.—The following is part of a psalm sung in Osmothery church, in this county, above a century ago. It was composed by the parish clerk, on the occasion of the murder, a severe distemper that an article entitled "The Georgia Convention and the Secession Remedy," he twice earnestly puts the question, "What will the romancers of Georgia do?" And then immediately adds, "We can only answer for one,—ourselves; and every other man must answer on his own solemn responsibility." A more complete Hibernicism we have rarely read, for admitting, as on such testimony we are bound to do, the womanly nature of the writer of the article, we are still puzzled to understand how any "other man" can be a woman of Georgia.—*Com. Ad.*

No Christian's bull, no cow they say,
But takes it out of hand;
And we shall have no cows at all,
I doubt within this land.

The doctors, though they all have spoke
Like learned gentlemen,
And told how the entrails look
Of Cattle dead and green;

Yet they do nothing do at all,
With all their learning's store;
So Heaven drive out this plague away,
And vex us no more."

This piece was so well received, that after the service it was desired again by all the congregation, except five farmers, who wept, declaring that the lines were too moving. The minister, in going out, said to the clerk, "Why, John, what psalm was that we had to-day? It was not one of David's."—"No, no," quoth John (big with the honor he had acquired), "David never made such a psalm since he was born—this is one of my own."—*Hodgson's History of Allertonshire and Bird-ford.*

NEGRO AND INDIAN SUFFRAGE IN MICHIGAN.—The Michigan State Convention, now in session at Lansing, deliberating on the reconstruction of the Constitution of the Peninsular State, have adopted a clause extending the Elective Franchise to Indians and their descendants, and have also adopted a Resolution submitting to the People, as a separate proposition, the question of extending the same right to the African race.

MOTHERLY ROOSTER.—The Hartford Times says an old hen in Tolland county lately abandoned her brood of chickens, when they were three weeks old. A rooster took them in charge, and pays the most affectionate attention to them. He attends them by day, and spreads his wings over them at night—A fine old cock he is. But what an ungrateful mother is the hen!

POCKET UMBRELLA.—A gentleman residing in Tinton has constructed an umbrella on a novel principle, the main feature of which is, that it can be carried in the pocket with ease. He intends sending it to the great exhibition of next year.

AGENTS FOR THE BUGLE.

OHIO.

New Garden—D. L. Galbreath and I. Johnson.
Columbiana—Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs—Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin—Jacob H. Barnes.
Marlboro—Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield—John Wetmore.
Lowellville—John Bissell.
Youngstown—J. S. Johnson.
New Lyme—Marema Miller.
Selma—Joseph A. Dugdale.
Springboro—Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg—V. Nicholson.
Oakland—Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls—S. Dickerson.
Columbus—W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown—Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg—Alex. Glenn.
Famington—Willard Curtis.
Bath—J. B. Lambert.
Ravenna—Joseph Carroll.
Wilkesville—Hannah T. Thomas.
Southington—Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union—Joseph Barnaby.
Malta—Wm. Cope.
Richfield—Jerome Hurlbut, Elijah Poor.
Lodi—Dr. Still.
Chester—R. Roads—Adam Sanders.
Painesville—F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills—Isaac Russell.
Granger—L. Hill.
Hartford—G. W. Bushnell and W. J. Bright.
Garrettsville—A. Joiner.
Andover—A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.
Achoctown—A. G. Richardson.
East Palestine—Simon Sheets.
Granger—L. S. Spees.
Pittsburgh—Benj. Bowne.
Newberry—J. M. Morris.

INDIANA.

Winchester—Clarkson Puckett.
Economy—Ira C. Maulsby.
Penn—John L. Michener.

Western Anti-Slavery Fair.

In the prosecution of every reform, it has been found necessary to employ subordinate means for the accomplishment of the desired end; and amongst these, none have proved more efficient than well-conducted Fairs. The pecuniary results are but a small part of the advantages arising therefrom, though they are often by no means unimportant. Various motives bring together multitudes to attend them, of those opposed to the objects in view, as well as friends to the cause; and thus rare opportunities are afforded for a full, free social discussion of the desired reform, as well as for public addresses in its behalf.

With these facts in view, the undersigned women of Ohio have concluded to hold an Annual Fair in the town of Salem to promote the cause of Anti-Slavery. Every thing in the political world seems to point out the necessity for renewed and untiring exertion in this holy cause. The distinctions of Whig and Democrat are forgotten in the all-absorbing struggle for the extension of Slavery, and to all appearances the South will obtain every thing she asks. We believe a large part of the People of the North are in favor of Freedom, and that many members of the present Congress were elected with the expectation that they would firmly oppose any extension of the curse of Slavery; but some have proved to be voluntary recreants to their trust, and some have been frightened into submission to the Slave-Power. Let us then dedicate ourselves anew to the Cause of the Slave. Let us keep up agitation until the people shall as one man rise up and demand Universal Emancipation or Exemption from participation in the sin of holding our fellow-beings in bondage. Many of us can do but little. Yet let us not hold back on that account. Some of us are mothers, and though few of us can go forth and speak publicly in behalf of the stricken bondman, we may yet, by contributing our pittance in this way, by mingling with our neighbors, and pleading as our maternal feelings shall dictate for the stricken mother in the South, and instilling into the minds of those committed to our care an undying abhorrence of Injustice and Wrong, like the drops of rain, which, singly are unnoticed and insignificant, by uniting, change and invigorate the aspect of the whole world.

We propose holding a Fair, commencing the 31st of December, and continuing through the following day; and we would earnestly invite all persons, without respect to party or creed, to lend their aid by sending such contributions as they can make or procure. The funds arising therefrom to be devoted to the dissemination of Anti-Slavery Truth, through the agency of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

SALIE B. GOVE, M. A. W. JOHNSON,
RACHEL TRESKOTT, JANE TRESKOTT,
MARIA T. SHAW, LYDIA SHARP,
LAURA BARNABY, SARAH N. McMillan,
ANN FRANKLIN, M. T. HARRIS,
MARGARET HUSE, MARY HARRIS,
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